

IN HIS MEMORY SHAKESPEARE ANNIVERSARY

Tercentenary of Death of
World's Great Dramatist.

Tomorrow Marks Climax of Ob-
servance of the Event.

CELEBRATIONS IN TOPEKA

Washburn Admirers Will Wait
Until May for Festivities.

Easter and Death Date on Same
Day—First in 28 Years.

Tomorrow will be the tercentenary of the death of William Shakespeare. It will also mark the climax of the world wide observance of the anniversary. For nearly three months in practically every city in the country, and every college there have been community plays, masques, festivals, tableaux and other forms of celebration of him whom scholars term "the greatest creative mind that ever lived." In thousands of smaller towns throughout the country the celebration has been carried in the form of special study courses, club programs calling for essays on Shakespeare and many other ways. Hundreds of newspapers and magazines have carried special articles announcing the occasion.

The events of Shakespeare's life are so shadowy and so unimportant, the biographical comments of his contemporaries so scanty that there is little that biographers can do toward informing of Shakespeare the man. To his plays and his sonnets, especially autobiographical, one must go to learn what man Shakespeare was, "the master mind of English literature."

Married at 18.
William Shakespeare was baptized in the parish church of Stratford-on-Avon, England, April 26, 1564, supposed to be the third day after his birth. His father was a tradesman of the town and his mother a descendant of a very ancient family. Shakespeare attended the free school of Stratford where he "learned the little Latin and less Greek" attributed to him by his contemporary, Ben Jonson. At the age of eighteen years he was married to Anne Hathaway, a woman ten years his senior.

In 1586 or 1587 he left home for London. In 1599 he was a joint proprietor in the Blackfriars theater. Before 1592 he was well known as an actor and a playwright. In 1594 he published his poem of Venus and Adonis, dedicated to Lord Southampton, who became his lifelong friend and patron. His first known play, "Henry the Sixth," was written in 1592 and from then on in rapid succession followed his thirty-seven dramas, the most precious possessions in literature. Shakespeare gained the favor of Queen Elizabeth and accumulated a fair share of fortune as a water owner. The last few years of his life he retired to Stratford, purchasing the largest house in the town. His last published play, "The Tempest," was completed in 1611. For the rest of his days he lived quietly in Stratford, dying on the 23rd of April, supposed to be his fifty-third birthday.

At Washburn.
The celebration of the tercentenary in Topeka has been largely at Washburn college, outside of a few special programs at the city high school. April 11 a Shakespeare tree was planted at the college with appropriate ceremonies. At the May 15 at the college next month a Shakespeare masque and a Shakespeare program will be given. Also in the near future a "Shakespeare recital" will probably be given at the college.

Poem by Washburn Co-ed.
The following poem was written by Miss Margaret Webb, a Junior at Washburn college, at the occasion of the planting of the Shakespeare tree April 17 at the college. Miss Webb is the author of several short lyrics which local critics declare have great promise. She has also written the libretto for several operettas, composed by Miss Isabel Savage, another Washburn girl.

I am that April who has work to do,
I fold the little leaves in greenish tins,
I feed the cloudy flocks on pastures blue
and fill the crown cups with honeyed dew
And blow the breath of magic from my lips.

Erstwhile in England in a happy year
My work was early finished, far and near
My magic spread, so fully in the sun
I sat and dreamed what work might yet
be done.

What sweet new beauty of my April art,
Might still be born to joy the human heart;
Then took I all the time I could
And made a golden harp for life to play—
My harp! It knew the heart of men and maid.

When we were young it sang us merrily,
When we were old, it sang us tenderly.
There was no range its music did not know
Of height or deep dance time, or measure
slow.

With sorrow. And the note above
All others was a brooding note of love.
The harp is broken now, it cannot sing,
But melodies immortal range and wing
Their way with winds across the world and
back.

And leave a golden memory in their track.
So April in a later spring and land
Far from old England turns again her hand
To making harps. A young tree have I
grown.

Whose leaves will catch the eternal music
blown
About the winds, and sing them into thee
In Master Will's own breath and melody
If thou wilt. Sing Shakespeare, O my
tree!

William Shakespeare—An Appreciation.
[Written for the State Journal by H. G. Larimer of the State Library.]

Three centuries ago tomorrow, on the fifty-second anniversary of his birth, William Shakespeare died. Of his outgoings and incomings we know next to nothing. Of his thinking and feeling—wondrous far from brain and heart—we have a fuller knowledge and a sympathy more complete than of any other being save only the Divine Jew whose triumph in perfection and sin we also commemorate tomorrow.

Shakespeare was a genius, that is to say, he was endowed with the godlike faculty—a creative imagination—a faculty enjoyed by but one in a generation, a century, an aeon, a faculty possessed by him in such perfection that he seems to have experienced and to have understood the mental and



William Shakespeare.

Bob Ingersoll's Appreciation of Shakespeare.

"Shakespeare was an intellectual ocean, whose waves touched all the shores of thought; within which were all the tides and waves of destiny and will; over which swept all the storms of fate, ambition and revenge; upon which fell the gloom and darkness of

emotional life of either sex, of every temperament of all classes and conditions, ages and races. Because of this superhuman gift, in all that makes truth and character real, palpitating, alive.

Shakespeare was a historian. Projecting himself into the half-historic days of blind Homer, repeating a portion of the myth of the Trojan siege, he is now the green-goose Troilus stammering through the A B C of life and love, betrayed by his misplaced confidence in an unworthy woman, the false Cressida; and now, the worldly-wise Ulysses craftily conning the X Y Z of aged experience, concluding with his admonition to self-proud Achilles.

"The fool smiles o'er the ice that you should break." Shakespeare is a Greek of the Greeks. From scanty material he fashioned Coriolanus and Volturnus of the older age, the noble Erastus and his noble wife, Portia of the over-ripe republic, near-hero Antony and his courtesan Cleopatra, both suited to the gorgeous age of decadence, conspiring with Cassius, covering with Caesar, declaring with Cicero—Shakespeare was a Roman amongst Romans.

Building upon the mere name "Cymbeline," he portrays the two civilizations that flourished on English soil before the Saxons coming, that of the Latin and the Celtic, the British dwellers. In those splendid lines of Albion's youth, he was the impulsive of the Celts, the haughtiest of the Latins.

Almost out of vacancy he so recreated Plantagenet England in the muted air of a fairytale, the grandeur of Elsinore, and the grandeur of the days of Magna Carta forms an authentic chapter in English history.

In phrase exactly suited to the character he makes Richard II, last Plantagenet, poetize his crown away to Henry, that name, and first of the House of Lancaster.

With roll of drum and squeak of fife, he transforms Prince Hal from a madcap reveler into Henry V, the fire soldier of Agincourt, ideal king and winsome owner of Sweet Kate of France.

Out of the mists of misfortune which enshrouded the long reign of Edward, he makes Richard III, and with withered arm and crooked back, the ablest and vilest of the English kings limps his forever-detested, never-dying way across the stage of history.

Finally, in the play of Henry VIII, he causes Cromwell, Wolsey, the "defender of the Faith," and virtuous Katherine of Aragon to make straight the avenue through which the modern age was ushered by great Queen Bess, child of Anne Boleyn, the age of which was a writer of verse and play, was destined to become, and for three centuries to remain the foremost figure of all this world in the worth of intellectual accomplishment.

The most English of all the English, it only remained that he should draw his own time and class to complete the picture of his historical gallery, and that he did in Jack Falstaff's comic valentine "The Merry Wives of Windsor," who transports us back to the taverns, the oaks, and the hedgerows of merry old England, the home of Raleigh, Drake, Sydney, Burleigh, Kit Marlowe, rare Ben Jonson, and gentle Will Shakespeare.

Shakespeare is the great teacher, a philosopher not alone of the classroom and the study, but a practical philosopher of the laboratory method. His material was human life and character, his reagent that intuitive wisdom which comes we know not whence, and his crucible the glowing universal heart of man.

Thus he understands and makes us understand the wise Prospero and the beast Caliban in their struggle from barbarism to the culture (not kultur) of organized society.

Thus he takes us to the inevitable overthrow of pedantry and learning without wisdom when they come into conflict with sex and nature in "Love's Labor's Lost."

Thus he teaches that profligacy and avarice will produce a "Timon of Athens"; that there is a modicum of truth, at least, in the homeopathic doctrine that "like cures like," to be found in "The Taming of the Shrew"; that technicality and, incidentally, justice may sometimes be defeated by straining the "quality of mercy" through the sieve of racial and natural hate of "The Merchant of Venice"; that the sublime good in all mortals by conducting his through the fabled purlieu of "Measure for Measure" and the sweet atmosphere of "The Winter's Tale."

Thus he draws us to the verge of the infernal fires that heat the crater of wedded jealousy in the massacre of Ion-hearts, Desdemona and his tender victim, Desdemona.

Thus he breathes the calm peace of

the philosophic court of the banished duke, and breaks the mettle of the engine of hell and hate of humanity, the noble Erastus and his noble wife, Portia of the over-ripe republic, near-hero Antony and his courtesan Cleopatra, both suited to the gorgeous age of decadence, conspiring with Cassius, covering with Caesar, declaring with Cicero—Shakespeare was a Roman amongst Romans.

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WELLMAN'S TOUR LANDS OF FRUIT AND SUNSHINE

A. O. Wellman Returns From
Cuba and Florida.

They Have Become American
Riviere Since the War.

WAIT FIVE DAYS FOR BOAT

Return Passage From Havana
Is Engaged Far Ahead.

Tourists Turned Away From
Miami for Lack of Room.

Nature has been kind to Cuban "graffers" who practice their art on tourists, according to A. O. Wellman, assistant treasurer and secretary of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe railway, who has returned recently from a trip to that island and the state of Florida.

Cuba has a climate that for the purposes of hotel keepers and other hosts to tourists is as effective as any anesthetic. The practice of the medicine, Mr. Wellman declares, is to incline to make the poor tourist listless and indifferent, he says, and grafters can go about their work without hearing so much as a word of protest.

Mr. Wellman says that in Havana he found the outward steamers booked to their full capacity for five days in advance, and he was obliged to remain in the interior of the island for the remainder of his trip. He visited tobacco plantations, orange groves, and pineapple fields. He noticed that the open air life had a distinct effect upon the physique of the people. The girls, as well as the young men, had rather narrow shoulders, but as they advanced in life, the chest of the women particularly, seems to expand until it attains an amplitude by no means common in our country.

The central feature of the Cuban home life, seems to be the patio, or interior court, about which the house is built. This is paved, open to the sky, and surrounded by arcades and galleries. Open stairways lead to these galleries, from which the sleeping rooms open. The patio is often filled with a profusion of city-berry lemon, palms, bananas—orchids, roses and other flowers, ferns, vines, and caged birds. A fountain splashes in the center, and over them is a piece of statuary. It is all very cool and inviting as one catches a glimpse of it from the hot street.

Houses Are Expensive.
There are many flat-roofed houses. Walls are carried up above the roof to form a parapet, and the roof thus enclosed is sacred to the washwoman, and a favorite gathering place for the family in the evening. Many Havana houses are of an immense size, and cost fortunes.

The city was once the home of a large class of wealthy planters. Revolutions have depopulated it, however, and scattered its wealth until neglect and decay are evident, especially in these plantation homes.

General Weyler, during the period of the United States troops occupied the island, incorporated a system of sanitation which still exists, and has placed Havana as a city ranking high for cleanliness, whereas before the occupation by the American troops it was one of the dirtiest cities, and noted for its unsanitary conditions.

The typical cafe is open to the streets and boasts of tile floor, marble wainscoting and a marble bar. However, one sees no intemperance. Light wines and soft drinks are popular. The favorite drink of the natives is Pina Fra, or fresh pineapple crushed and served in a glass with sugar and ice. Another equally popular drink is Pina, or Honeycomb.

somewhere in the neighborhood of 200,000 books, tracts and magazine essays.

SHAKESPEARIAN SIDELIGHTS.
The anniversary of Shakespeare's death and Easter fall on the same day this year for the first time in 23 years.

The largest collection of pictures of scenes from Shakespeare plays is the Boydell collection accumulated by Samuel Boydell in England in the early part of the 19th century. It is said to be the most complete set of Shakespeare paintings from all parts of the world.

Hamlet is the longest of the Shakespeare plays, because of the fact that it was revised in his last years, and the first editors of Shakespeare's works failed to eliminate all of the rewritten and overlapping scenes.

The first edition of Shakespeare was published in 1623 by Hemmynge & Condell of London.

Over 100,000 essays and magazine articles have been written about Shakespeare and his works.

A chief reason for denying Bacon's authorship of the Shakespeare play is found in the following quotation from Julius Caesar, "dear to me as the ruddy drops that visit this sad heart."

This is taken by Shakespeare scholars as a sure proof of the author's belief in the then new theory of the circulation of the blood. This theory was strongly denied by Bacon.

According to the best scholars the story of Shakespeare being gaoled for lewd dealing in his last years as the popular tale of George Washington and the cherry tree.

Shakespeare's name is the most misspelled in the language. According to a chart made by George Wise, of Philadelphia, in 1863 there are 1906 ways of spelling his name.

It is estimated that nearly 200,000 books, tracts and editions of Shakespeare's works have been published.

The three largest Shakespeare libraries in this country are the Lenox library at New York; the collection in the Metropolitan museum, and the Shakespeare section in the Boston public library. The largest Shakespeare collection in the world is the Stratford Memorial library founded on the occasion of the tercentenary of Shakespeare's birth in 1864.

It is a mixture of sugar and white of egg, dried in rolls about six inches long, which look like spongy white candy. The rolls are served in a glass of water and ice, with or without lemon, and when dissolved, produces a sweetish drink, rather seductive.

Mr. Wellman says that while Havana is novel and attractive, as a tropical city, it is the elusive qualities of Florida that take a grip upon the tourists and the winter resident.

"After our long and severe winter, it was a delight to find a land free from rheumatism, influenza and kindred diseases, and where stoking fires and pushing snow were unknown. The temperature of the towns of the east coast of Florida, south of Jacksonville, ranges from 45 to 78 degrees, and rarely ever, during the summer months, June, July and August, does the thermometer climb much above 80 degrees. Sun-strokes are unknown, and one can sleep every night during the year, with comfort, under a blanket. Bathing in the ocean is possible the year around, with the thermometer at 70 and the water very only a few degrees below.

"In Florida there is found more pleasing tropical vegetation than in Cuba. The palms are more numerous, and if possible more beautiful. The fruits, vegetables and flowers are as abundant. The climate is more comfortable, under a blanket. Bathing in the ocean is possible the year around, with the thermometer at 70 and the water very only a few degrees below.

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